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ORIGINAL POETRY.

Lines written on leaving the place of my nativity, after a short visit.

Adieu! dear scenes, adieu! adieu!
And oh! loved friends, farewell to you!
Your presence o'er the landscape threw
Its power to charm;
Without your smiles, tho' bright his hue,
It could not warm.

No lovely spot, tho' thou art dear;
No green thy hills and vales appear;
And sweet no summer roses year,
And gills thee bright,
Without my friends thou wouldst be drear
As winter's night!

I love the mountain, rock and dell—
I love "to lean o'er flood and fell"—
I love to watch the torrent's swell,
Or streamlet's play,
Much as 'er hard that waked the shell
To tinkle lay!

Yet Nature's brightest scenes would be
A dreary solitude to me,
Without the cheering ecstasy
In friendship found!
The vine will droop that has no tree
To twine around!

The meadow would in mockery bloom;
The grove would cast a dangerous gloom;
And hills and rocks the forms assume
Of prison walls;
And sadly mourn a captive's doom
The streamlet's fall!

Adieu! dear scenes, again adieu!
Oh! I shall still remember you,
While runs life's feeling current thro'
This throbbing heart!
And, friends, oh! never from memory's view
Shall you depart!

August 2, 1835. LINDEN.

TO

There is a gem whose lustre bright,
Shines radiant as the star of night;
Whose gentle rays with magic art,
Doth charm the eye, inspire the heart:
No pearl the ocean's waves conceal,
Its namelike beauty can excel,
Or caverns deep its worth unfold,
Then sacred 'ere this treasure hold:
For know, sweet girl, this gift divine,
Thy spotless bosom doth enshrine:
For say, what charms of Nature vie
With fair enchanting Purity?

It is dear girl, a "lovely light,"
Whose mild celestial beauty bright,
Gives every other grace a zest,
Which ere's extrinsic form may cast,
For what is vain or outward form,
If no internal worth adorn?
In true perfection of the mind,
Those warm attractions oft we find:
Which rural feelings love to boast
Without this gift all else is lost:
For what such matchless charms display
As fair and hallow'd Purity.

Then still this favouring boon retain,
That sweetly gleams from virtue's shrine;
Let still its holy power invest
Thy fair and unassuming breast:
That when that God beyond the skies,
Shall bid thy parting spirit rise,
To hail those joyous mansions blest,
And share, sweet girl, eternal rest,
And the dread tomb shall o'er thee close,
May live a monument to those,
That bright, immortal, Purity.

ELLEN.

TO A

We have parted, have parted,
Perhaps 'tis forever:
And the tear-drops which started
When bidding farewell,
From those eyes softly streaming
Winked no more.

These warm tear-drops, those tear-drops
Shall ever be mine:
Till the current of life stops,
In tenderness roll;
And when upon a distant shore,
Thoughts of thee calm my saddest o'er,
Thy beauty and sweetness,
Thy love, and thy meekness
Will ever control
Thar flame which in this faithful heart,
Shall glow till life and love depart.

FREDERIC.

THE BOWL.

Give me the bowl
To steep my soul
In that delicious feeling,
Of senseless bliss,
When cares must cease,
And fate has a repelling
Another drink
Before I sink
To that insubstantial region,
Where life and death
Are but a breath,
And laughing is religion.
Now, now, despair,
Flee into air!
Now madness take thy station!
Add with quick o'er
Come quickly o'er
This bosom's fell temptation.

My brain now turns,
My body burns,
Yet still I quaff the potion!
Still hold the cup,
With fonder, quicker motion.
Where have I been?
What have I seen?
What anguish is before me?
Ah! death is near,
And soon I fear
Will throw his image o'er me.

ANTONIO.

HOME, SWEET HOME!—(A Song.)

"Nid pleasures and palace, though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow its cheer,
Which seek thro' the world, is not met with elsewhere.
Home, home—sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home—there's no place like home."

THE MORALIST.

"I could be well content, allow'd the use
Of past experience, and the wisdom gain'd
From worsted follies, not acknowledged such,
To re-commence life's trial, in the hope
Of fewer errors, on a second proof."

Thus writes the poet Cowper; on reading
this sentiment the question came home to my
soul, "wouldst thou on these conditions ac-
cept the liberty of passing over once more
the busy scenes that are now gone forever?"
I reflected awhile, and soon found I could
without hesitation or reluctance, give a nega-
tive answer; and I believe there are few, very
few who would wish to live over again the
days that are past:—The painful recollection
of the anguish we endured, as the ties of friend-
ship and affection were broken—the bitter-
ness of death—the chilling coldness and frigid
indifference of the world—the wasting cares
—the wearying toils of maturer years, all
unite to throw a dark shadow on the paths of
time; and although now and then 'tis illumined
by a gleam of sunshine, those gleams re-
semble the fitful flashes of lightning from the
sombre bosom of the storm-cloud, that only
serve to render the darkness more visible.

Not let me travel on, for I shall rejoice
"when death's kind angel comes to break my
bonds and give me lasting freedom."

"This earth is pleasant, for it is God's earth,
and is filled with many delightful things; but
there is a land that is far better, that country
is Heaven; there the rose is without thorns,
there we shall meet those who have gone be-
fore us, and no evil shall overtake us, or sor-
row disturb the tranquility of the blessed in
heaven."

When my spirit has left this dark mansion of clay,
And my eyes, and my ears, and my tongue are
When earth's dreary night melts in Heaven's pure
day.
And the tears of repentance disturb not my joy!
Oh, then make a grave for this pain-wasted form,
Where the first beams of morning can rest on
the dust.

And the last rays of sunset—pure, brilliant and
warm,
May smile o'er one, whom the world has forgot;
And plant some of Spring's earliest roses thereon,
To gather the dew as they gently distil—
And flowers that will linger when summer is o'er,
Whose verdure the snow drift and storm can-
not chill.

The beams of the morning are types of the ray,
That enlightens the first fragrant pathway of
time.

And those that illumine the departure of day—
Of the hope which age seeks in the heavenly
clime!

The roses are emblems of friendships which
pass'd
By the time that my heart learned to prize
their bright
The vanishing of those that lived on to the last,
Uncall'd by earth's day-storm—undimmed by
grief's night!

MARTHA.

"DRUNK AS A BRUTE."

"Alas! for human nature, there is no point,
no meaning in this exclamation: there is not
an animal in creation, save him whom God
has given the power to utter it, that is a vol-
untary drunkard. He alone who was consti-
tuted "lord of the universe," is the only in-
dignified animal in the universe: he who was
endowed with reason, to distinguish him from
the brutes that perish, is the most unreason-
able of the animals over whom he exercises a
authority: he to whom was given an immortal
soul, sinks himself below the most brutish
brute in creation! Ever the same that rots
up the earth and walloweth in the mire,
is less defiled than him who glorieth in inebri-
ation; who polluteh not only his body, but
fouletb his soul also. Look at the drunkard
—the habitual drunkard—where is the brute
that he may be likened unto? where is the
loathsome monster that will not suffer by
comparison with him? Even the devil hath
not the stinking sin of drunkenness laid to
his charge! the devil then hath one crime less
to suffer for than man!"

"Drunk as a brute!"—forbear, oh, man!
to make the companion in hearing of a brute,
lest heaven should, in justice, permit him to
revenge the insult by rending thy limbs assunder,
and giving thy bloated flesh to the car-
ion-crow, and the blood-sucking vampire!
Behold the end of the intemperate man! he
lieth shivering on a heap of straw, the vessel
of liquid poison stands beside him, he reach-
eth forth his trembling hand, and reacheth it to
his lips; he seeth death at the bottom, but he
drinketh on, till the grisly monarch seizeth
his vitals, and the poison curdlet and putri-
feth his blood! he dieth, and where is the
brute that dieth like him?—Who are his
mourning? The tavern-keeper and the dray-
teller!—He sinks into the grave forgotten—
remembered only as a mass of putridity whom
death had kindly removed from under our
nostrils!—This is the intemperate man! mark
it, and be sober.

THE LADIES' FRIEND.

IS LOVE A CRIME?

Is love a crime? The crimson streak
That mantles o'er thy youthful cheek,
Those downcast eyes, too plainly speak
Of secret care; and prove
Love is a crime of deepest dye,
Of darkest guilt, or tell me why
That blushing cheek and downcast eye,
If 'tis no crime to love?

Is love a crime? At twilight hour
When evening dews begem each flower,
Why dost thou quit the festal bower,
Through pathless wilds to rove?
Oh, how unmeet for one so young,
Is that slow step, that faltering tongue!
Then tell me whence such change hath sprung,
If 'tis no crime to love?

Is love a crime? The pearly dew
That dims the eye of heavenly blue,
That lately shone in radiant hue,
That sapphirine light above,
Must answer all; and tell thee by
Thy youthful bosom's frequent sigh,
Thy changing cheek and tearful eye,
That 'tis a crime to love.

EARLY RISING.

Young ladies! would you improve your
minds? know, that the morning is the best
time for study. Would you improve your
beauty? know, that the morning air is the
best cosmetic. Would you enjoy pleasure
without alloy? know, that the sun, rising
from its yellow couch, presents one of the
most sublime and beautiful scenes in nature.
Would you delight your eyes, and regale
your olfactory? know, that flowers are clad
in their best attire, and send forth the sweet-
est perfumes in the morning.

ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

A young lady may excel in speaking French
and Italian; may repeat a few passages from
the volume of extracts; play like a professor
and sing like a syren; have her dressing-room
decorated with her own drawing-tables, stands,
flower-pots, screens, and cabinets; may, she
may dance like Sompronia herself, and yet
we shall insist, that she may have been very
badly educated. I am far from meaning to
set in value whatever on any or all of these
qualifications: they are all of them elegant,
and many of them tend to the perfecting of a
polite education. These things, in their mea-
sure and degree, may be done; but there are
others, which should not be left undone.—
Many things are becoming, but "one thing
is needful." Besides, as the world seems to
be fully apprised of the value of whatever
tends to embellish life, there is less occasion
here to insist on its importance. But though
a well-bred young lady may lawfully learn
most of the fashionable arts; yet, let me ask,
how does it seem to be the true end of educa-
tion to make women of fashion dancers, sing-
ers, players, painters, actresses, sculptors,
gilders, varnishers, engravers and embroider-
ers? Most men are commonly destined to
some profession, and their minds are conse-
quently turned each to its respective object.
Would it not be strange if they were called
out to exercise their profession, or set up
their trade with only a little general knowl-
edge of the trades and professions of all other
men, and without any previous definite ap-
plication to their own peculiar calling? The
profession of ladies, to which the bent of
their instruction should be turned, is that of
daughters, wives, and mothers, and mistresses
of families. They should be therefore
trained with a view to these several condi-
tions, and be furnished with ideas and prin-
ciples, and qualifications, and habits ready to
be appropriated, as occasion may demand to
each of these respective situations. Though
the arts which merely embellish life, must
claim admiration, yet when a man of sense
comes to marry, it is a companion whom he
wants, and not an artist. It is not merely a
creature who can paint, and play, and sing,
and draw, and dress, and dance; it is a being
who can reason and reflect, and feel and judge,
and discourse, and discriminate, one who can
assist him in his affairs, lighten his cares,
soothe his sorrows, purify his joys, strengthen
his principles, and educate his children—
such is the woman who is fit for a wife, a
mother, and a mistress of a family. A woman
of the former description may occasionally
figure in the drawing room, and attract the
admiration of the company, but is entirely un-
fit for a helpmate to man, and "to train up a
child in the way he should go."

CORSETS.

Do you ever go to church? I do some-
times. Last Sunday I went; and as I was look-
ing round, I saw down-dropped a lady. "My
God!" I exclaimed, "it is the outpouring of
the spirit!" "True enough," answered an-
other, "her spirit is poured out." Why, man,
her spirit is poured out, and she has fainted.
Two or three other ladies, you must come
to me, and get me to get you to these things.
I had not face enough to ask him,
why they fainted, and sat me down in a deep
study to find out the cause. "Thanks to
myself," I thought, "I am not affected on this
point for that. It could not be sickness, for
they would not come to church well. I turned
my head to ask him the question, and my atten-
tion was attracted to a girl, in the same pew,
who was sitting very gently out of her seat.
You must know that I prize myself a great
deal on my gallantry. I accordingly saved
the lady from quite reaching the floor, and
hove her out of the church. We were fol-
lowed by her mother. To my inquiries as to
the cause of her daughter's illness, she an-
swered naught, but engaged herself very busi-
ly in untying her clothes. One string after an-
other was loosened until we arrived at the cor-
sets. And would you believe it, Sir? Op-
pressive as the heat was, that poor girl was
laced tighter than I would give my horse on
parade day—tighter than I would squeeze
any thing but a log. I remonstrated with the
old lady, upon the shocking consequences of
this shocking practice. She answered me, that
"it was the fashion." I was enraged at such a
plea, and could not help assuring her, that I
would rather hear her allege fashion as the
excuse for her daughter's perfect nudity, than
as the justification for a practice so hurtful to
health—so deforming in its effects, and so
shocking to delicacy. I cannot bear the sight
of human suffering, even when caused by
such egregious folly; and therefore, I will
not go to church again. But if you, my friend,
or any of your church-going readers, should
happen to see a lady faint in church, be not
alarmed, but console yourself with the thought,
that if she is lacerated beyond all human en-
durance, it is the fashion. Yours, &c.
(Allison Mervyns.)

QUESTIONS.

Ques. When should a girl be out of her
leading strings, or, in other words, when may
she answer for herself, without referring back
wards and forwards to mamma?

Ans. When she has professed to walk alone,
and can be satisfied, in her heart and con-
science, that she owes no further duty to the
author of her being and the guide of her
youth.

Q. Is it in any case advisable to marry a
man much older or much younger than one's
self?

A. The age should be undoubtedly on the
side of the gentleman; but if there is too
great a disparity either way, it is apt to lay
the foundation of jealousy, and with jealousy
love can never dwell.

Q. Should a woman conceal any thing from
the man she has resolved to marry, that con-
cerns herself?

A. If she does, she is laying the foundation
of future misery to herself and husband; and
if concealments are criminal in the immedi-
ate prospect of marriage, they are so, in a
tenfold degree, afterwards.

Q. Is it necessary to have an ardent pas-
sion for the man whom we consent to attend
to the altar—or is a match of prudence as
likely to prove happy as a match of love?

A. Without prudence, there can be no
happiness. In the married state, friendship
is more durable than love.

Q. Should a married woman endeavour to
support her influence by resistance or submis-
sion?

A. No man, of a generous spirit, will open-
ly submit to be ruled by a woman; and even
the worst men will be more swayed by silent
sublimity, and uniform attention to please,
than by the loudest remonstrances, even when
they are felt to be just.

Q. Is a woman, when married, to have no
will of her own?

A. To support her influence by her amia-
ble qualities is truly honourable, and cannot
fail to have the desired effect; but what she
gains by contentment, will be infinitely more
than balanced by the loss of the husband's
affections.

ELOQUENCE.

To enrich the mind with the treasures of
science, and fertilize it with the luxuriant
streams of literature is an employment which
breathes the dignity and elevation of man.—
But there is implanted in our nature a desire
to unfold to the world the effect of our re-
searches, and to exhibit the productions of
our expanded mind. This reciprocity of opinion
exalts our character, and widens the sphere
of our happiness. In proportion as the com-
munication of an opinion allays or excites the
passions, does eloquence accompany it. The
foundation of eloquence therefore is in the
passions, established upon their nature, and
coeval with their qualities. The orator has
dived into the depths of the heart; he has seen
from what recess heaves the groaning sigh,
what channels suffuse the countenance with
the flush of ecstasy; and where can be con-
centrated the mighty energies of man.—
He learns and scans the propensities and
dispositions of men from the history which
nature writes; in short he is the natu-
ralist of the heart, who has analyzed and re-
cognized its different products. On a knowl-
edge of the heart has been erected those
proud fabrics of eloquence, which have stood,
unshaken by the touch of time, and unmo-
lested by the ravages of ignorance. He who marks
out a plan which is not copied from nature,
who substitutes sound and affectation for feel-
ing, builds an edifice upon a sandy base which
will be submerged by the flood of time.

The nature of eloquence is not difficult to
discover, it is not allied to that speech which
by a tardy and uninteresting process leads the
mind to the anticipated point, nor to that
which convinces though not allures, but to that
in its own beauty. It is not with a studied em-
phasis, the orator awakens the passions, or with
a flowing gratulation rivets the admiration of
an audience, but, pouring forth his soul in
bursts of unadorned simplicity, exhibits
nature's mightiest efforts, raising his hearers
through the force of imagination, seating them
in bosoms of celestial beauty, they quaff the
sparkling nectar, and are lulled to rest by the
music of the spheres. On the reverse pre-
sented to them the most frightful forms, he
racks the mind with agony and clads the soul
with mourning; when enlivened by his sub-
ject he transports to the peopled world which
his genius spoke into existence, his auditory
entranced in amazement, and enraptured in ad-
miration; they sigh when they return to ter-
restrial scenes.

If you desire a knowledge of the various
accents on the stage of life by him are they
imitated with precision. Through this organ
is vibrated the groan of wretchedness, the
sigh of pity, and the outcry of indignation.—
If the endeavor is to sketch the miseries of
poverty, carrying his hearers to the uncovered
bosom of wretchedness, as he exhibits his oc-
cupants shivering by the contumacious taxes of
penury, and pelleted by the storms of misfortune,
lying down on the cold bed of despair, the
scene wrings tears of blood from their souls.
Behold him at the last, and there you will ob-
serve the most instantaneous changes of feel-
ing, now the mind of his and for is worth to
calmness, but quickly ferments with indigna-
tion, now the object of compassion, exhibited
by the speaker, carress'd by overwhelming
sympathies is drawn to the warm bosom for
protection, and again while an infamous wretch
stands unmasked of all pretensions to inno-
cence, he is torn in angry exultation. God-
lessness there is made manifest, and the criminal,
though entrenched in the fortresses of
power and influence, meets their punishment.
Nor is the eloquence of the pulpit less strik-
ing or attractive; it brings heaven nearer to
earth, and illumines the path of the virtuous
with undimmed day, when the orator of the
desk portrays the corruption of human
depravity, already does the guilty relief feel
the fire of eternity truckling through his veins,
and creeping to his heart. How often, under
his summons, have we heard the last trumpet
blown upon the ear of time, and seen the vast
temple of nature pitched from its rotten pil-
lars to destruction; such is the power of ora-
tory that its possessor may rise in a crowd
where seats the most bitterly opposed have
met, and guide to our channel their propen-
sities and inclinations. He speaks and they are
harmonious in his views, he proceeds, and he
is the focus of attention, not an effort of his
genius a lost, every word has an emphasis,
and every look teems with importance. His
gesticulation is the grand assailant of the heart,
emphatically is his arm the lever of tyranny,
and the eloquence of his features an accuser
of the guilty.

The orator is the instrument through which
nature addresses her children, exhorting, pre-
siding, and blessing with an awakening energy,
when the British lion was tearing our liberties
in pieces, it was through Henry she ad-
dressed our forefathers, rousing them to assert
the rights she had given them: even in the
retirements of the forest there dwells an ex-
citing eloquence, it pervades that grade of
savages who, having listened to the melting
tale of their oppressions, rush to the land of
their enemies, and stab to the centre of
their hopes. If feelings of indignation for
wrong lie smothered in the heart, this prin-
ciple rouses them to revenge, and impels to
action—when men, engaged in solemn debate
upon the most momentous points, are oscil-
lating between decision and inaction, it pictures
the reality of their situation, and points to the
true path of procedure.

It is particularly in times of national ad-
versity, that the orator must use his combined
efforts, it is when infuriated faction can neither
be quelled by argument or entreaty, that a
living voice must utter its anathemas. As
Philip was infusing poison into the nerves of
the Athenian government, and bribing even
justice herself, then Demosthenes in reality
became the governor of Greece. But although
there is a vehemence in eloquence, there is a
silent influence which is no less so; it opens
the fountains of knowledge to run through an
empire, silences the tyrant with murmurs, the
freeman with smiles; Cicero beside causing
Rome to quake under the volleys of his elo-
quence, was encouraging literature in awaken-
ing accents to arise, and was distilling into the
minds of youth the principles of morality.—
Possessing the advantages of philosophy, logic
and poetry, it has assuaged the passions, tamed
ferocity, and fertilized the genius of men.
The student who scans the history of a na-
tion, ages, and views the rise and downfall of
empires, beholds the orator rise like an un-
broken monument amid the desolations around,
a stimulus to glory, an incitement to patriotism.

QUINTUS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ESSAY, No. VII.

Among the many characters by whom the
peace of society is disturbed, and who delight
in the perhaps not one more promi-
nent than the slanderer. There is no one
more anxious to create contentions and troubles,
than he is—no one more solicitous to spread
discord around him. A slanderer is devoid of
principle—is destitute of those feelings which
actuate and govern great and noble minds,
and is dead to every dictate of humanity. The
holy and sacred fire of charity burns not in
his breast, for if the least spark glimmered
there, he would shudder at the bare idea of
depriving his neighbour of his character. If
he hears evil said of any man, he never warm-
ed his bosom, or dwelt within him, it is ex-
tinct, for if it was not, he would never cast
aspersions upon the reputation of any one.
So far from doing so, if he could not, con-
sistently with truth, bestow praise upon others,
he would not hold up to public view their
faults or frailties. If he possessed charity, he
would feel the force of, and would act upon
the following exclamation of the poet:

"Teach me to feel another's woe,
And hide the fault I see."

Instead of the slanderer acting thus, he will
not only expose the fault he sees, but will
imagine others, and assert them as really ex-
isting. Falshood is the spirit of slander—it is
the basis on which rests all reports emanat-
ing from, and which have for their author a
slanderer. A slanderer violates every prin-
ciple of truth and equity, breaks down every
barrier of honour and justice, and pollutes
with his tainted tongue any company in which
he is allowed to mingle. Like a contagion,
he spreads, wherever he goes, confusion and
trouble. What a series of bad and fatal con-
sequences have been caused by the tongue
of the slanderer, and how many have been
reduced to wretchedness and misery by his
fabrications? How often has he caused the
warmest friends to become the most implac-
able enemies? How often has he created in
the minds of those friends an insatiable desire
of revenge? And how often has that desire
led them to seek each other's life? Have there
not been instances of men, whose reciprocal
friendship has been suddenly succeeded by a
deep-rooted enmity, caused by the wily as-
saults and cunningly plausible tales of the
crafty slanderer? How often has the tongue
of slander robbed peaceful families of their do-
mestic bliss and comfort, substituting in their
room a cold and suspicious reserve? How
often has it excited in their breasts the des-
tructive feeling of jealousy, and how fre-
quently has it severed even the conjugal tie?
The slanderer has often caused an innocent
and unoffending man to be dragged from his
happy home, and incarcerated in a gloomy
dungeon, and afterwards doomed to the
mercy of the world his unprotected family.
The slanderer acts in a moral, as the assassin
does in a physical sense: the latter attacks his
unconscious victim, and slays him in an un-
guarded and unsuspecting moment, the former
stabs the character of his unsuspecting victim
in his absence, and when he is not present to
vindicate himself. Neither will allow, if they
can possibly prevent, an opportunity of defence,
feeling assured, that if they were confronted,
they would inevitably be overcome. A slanderer
is far worse than a highway robber, for what
the latter takes is dress, when put in competi-
tion with what the former seeks. Him who
is deprived of his wealth, has a chance of par-
tially replenishing it, but he whose charac-
ter has been wrested from him, seldom or ever
regains it. It is an irreparable loss—a loss
which nothing can make amends for. What
is a man without character? He is like a tree
whose foliage has been withered by the light-
ning's blast, he loses all attraction, and is
looked upon only as an incumbrance—he is
like that tree, uncared for and unheeded. A
man, without character, is neither respected,
esteemed, trusted, or confided in, because
he has lost that which would justify or guar-
antee the safety of confidence being reposed
in him. How base then must that man be,
who would dare attempt to bereave his fellow
man of that which is so necessary to his pre-
sented happiness—that which is his best pro-
tector through this world. Yes, base and un-
principled indeed must he be, who would
have the daring effrontery to raise the ac-
cursed tongue of slander against that neigh-
bour's good name. A slanderer is actuated by
nothing that is good—is influenced by nothing
that is virtuous. If the least goodness or vir-
tue held control over or guided him, he would
not scandalize another—he would shrink with
horror from the act. But such feelings as
these, dwell not in the bosom of a slanderer.

—they seek a noisier and a more congenial
seat—they dwell only in the breasts of the
honourable and the generous hearted. Virtue
and slander are avers to each other, and
consequently could not exist in the same
bosom. Therefore, where one is, the other
must be absent. That heart in which the
fiend slander finds an abode, is unknown to
virtue, and consequently unschielded and un-
protected by its influence. DATAMES.

THE STRAWBERRY CIL.

A few years since business of a mercantile
nature called me to Boston, the Metropolis
of New-England. There is an air of quiet-
ness, and unostentatious elegance in this place,
which I have never seen in any other place
of such extensive wealth, and prosperous trade.
New-York may, without condemnation, be
said to have her hundred spires—the thousand
flags in her harbours—the immensity of her
commerce—the revenue she pays to the trea-
sury of the nation, and the just title of the
"London of America," yet, although not pre-
judiced in favor of what are termed "Boston
notions," I should prefer a residence in that
city to any I have ever visited. Elegant retire-
ment—friendly hospitality—unassuming be-
nevolence—and literary taste and refinement
exist in their most fascinating forms, and the
state of society is evidently considerably in
advance of any other place on the continent.
In regulating my affairs, it became necessary
to call frequently at the house of Mr. M.,
a person who combined all the qualities that
constitute the gentleman. I frequently dined
with him and his family, which consisted only
of his wife, one of the most charming and lov-
ely women I have ever seen, and three fresh,
blooming and beautiful children, the culture
of whose building, promising powers, formed
their chief and most delightful recreation.—
There was an ease and familiarity which can
exist only in the most cultivated minds—a
frankness which can only be the result of con-
fidence, and a harmony and sympathy in our
sentiments which endeared them to me, and
I do not recollect an acquaintance in any
family that appeared to enjoy such unalloyed
happiness. On one of these visits I observed
on the table a plate of most delicious straw-
berries, which were the first I had seen that
season, and made a remark to that effect.

"These berries," said Mr. M.—"are my
peculiar favourites," as he signified put his
finger to the centre of his forehead, where on
its broad and smooth surface I had often
noticed a small, red protuberance not widely
differing in appearance from the fine fruit before
us.

"Your predilection," answered I, smiling,
"is sufficiently accounted for, but it must have
been a fortunate hit indeed, which placed it
on the spot where it is so plainly discernible."
"It was not altogether accident," he re-
plied, "I have often heard my mother relate
the circumstances: I was the oldest child,
but a short time before I was born, my father
and mother walked into a field where there
was an abundance of strawberries, and while
my mother seated herself on a mossy bank in
the shade of a wide-spreading ash, my father
had selected a number of stems of the finest
fruit, and throwing himself by her side, tossed
them into her lap. They were just what she
wished and while eating them a large and
beautiful red one attracted her notice.

"See what a delicious strawberry I have
found," said she, holding it up by the stem to
my father.

"That, my dear, is mine," he replied,
playfully snatching it from her and putting it
in his own mouth. A slight flush passed over
her countenance, as she endeavored in vain
to recover it.

"I will mark my child with that straw-
berry," said she laughing as she spoke, and
placed the tip of her white finger on the cen-
tre of her forehead.—the berry was fixed, but
it was the most fortunate moment of my exis-
tence, for to that strawberry I owe all my
happiness!"

A look which denoted a deep feeling of
mutual satisfaction of happiness which could
not be mistaken, passed between M.—and
his wife, and the deep blush which accom-
panied it excited my curiosity to obtain an ex-
planation of the hint he had thrown out.

Accordingly, when, after dinner, we were seated
in the counting room, I made known my
wishes without reserve.

"I shall willingly gratify you," he replied,
"for I love to recall the incidents to my im-
agination. You have seen Mrs. M.—you ad-<

of the 10th inst. the night of Monday, the 4th inst. Mr. Foster, of Ludlow, being in Miramichi, his wife (who was left alone) went to a neighbour's house to stay all night. A bear broke open a window in his house, entered it, destroyed some of the furniture, and went out the same way he came in. Mrs. Foster being afraid to stay in the house next morning, she and her children went to the house of a neighbour, and again went from home. On Thursday night he entered by another window, broke the window to pieces, entered the room, and broke a small chest in pieces; he also attempted to open a large chest, which he knocked about and turned upside down in the middle of the floor, after taking several large pieces out of it with his teeth. He also stole a large basket of wearing apparel over the room, leaving nothing untouched, except the bed and curtains which stood in the room. He then proceeded to pay a visit to Mr. Murphy, who lived about thirty rods below—broke into his milkhouse, which stood about three rods from the dwelling-house, by ripping up the shingles, and carried several pieces of salt beef, finding rather lean, he made use of a jar of butter that stood handy to soften them; drank three pans of milk to quench his thirst, and then took his departure, after rolling himself in the grass a few feet from the dwelling-house. Mr. Murphy prepared to welcome his new guest the next evening, by setting a gun in the milkhouse, pointing to the length he had made the night before. He returned about sunset, and received the full contents of a gun in his head, the just reward of his treachery. He was a remarkably large bear, and very fat.

Several communications are received, which a want of time prevents us from examining—they shall be attended to.

The correspondent who has favoured us with some particulars on the culture of the "Palm Christi," has been anticipated, as will be seen on reference to an article of the same nature in type, to be inserted in next week. We always take pleasure in fulfilling, and, if possible, anticipating the wishes of our fair friends, when it can be done without offering violence to reason; but Catherine must excuse us for withholding her "Enigma" from our readers—not but that it is a very good and proper puzzle, the reverse of which we would not be thought so rude as to intimate as being the case, but it is, in fact, so extremely hard, that we are almost certain it would not meet with a solution—besides, if it should be solved, which is a very questionable point, that we again repeat our doubts, what, in the name of "beauty and blushes," would this same "lovely girl" whose name it is said to contain, say of our gallantry and politeness, in thus introducing her, without "form or ceremony," to the large circle of friends who honour our columns with their patronage? We should, most certainly, offend her by so doing; and here is a dilemma, an enigma, as difficult of solution as our correspondent's—we shall perhaps give offence to the "fair Catherine," by not doing so. How unfortunate we editors are—"on which" side shall we turn our eyes? No troubles, fears, anxieties and perplexities assail us. But we shall act impartially—we will conceal the "lovely girl's" name, as an evidence of our respect toward the "fair unknown," and, to oblige her, print the pretty picture, which the pretty Catherine has painted, of her—

"Who is complainant? Likewise elegant, Possessing a kind look and a smile; Is majestic and fair, with jetty black hair, And not to be equalled."

We have been given to understand, that our neighbour and namesake of New York, has favoured us with occasional notices on the subject of titles, &c.; whether true or false, we are unable to say, from the simple circumstance of never, or but rarely, having the pleasure, which it would assuredly afford, of seeing that respectable print. We hope, since we are so near akin, at least in name, if not in resemblance, that nothing unkind or unbecoming will be said of us; though, should it be thought necessary to give us an occasional touch, we hope it may be done gently, and that sufficient courtesy may exist to advise us of the fact, for we abominably dislike the idea of being hit in the dark, or having our "good name" injured, without an opportunity of defence. These remarks will be taken of course, as they are meant, in good part, since all our desire is simply to have an understanding on the subject, that we may know when and how we are situated, in case of accident. This is all fair, the "Doctor" will of course admit, and we have no reason to doubt his magnanimity, as we cannot but bear in mind the sentiment, and which is a guarantee of our safety, that "the eagle suffers little birds to sing."

We have been requested to notice the intended publication, in this city, of a new weekly journal, which has been in contemplation, we believe, for some months past. It is to be called the "Franklin Journal," devoted particularly, if not exclusively, to the interests of mechanics and artisans, and edited by Dr. Jones.

A valuable improvement has been, within a week or two past, introduced into our streets, by way, as we understand, of experiment, and which is calculated to be generally extended throughout the city next summer, if it should prove sufficient to answer the purposes intended. We allude to the introduction of a constant stream of pure running water into the gutters of our streets. The application of a design of such apparent utility, may be seen at the S. W. and S. E. corners of Market and Second streets, and has excited a considerable share of what we may emphatically term well merited attention and general approval. It will be a high all scene, (and we hope to witness it) to see our streets washed on either side, during the summer months, by running streams of pure, cool, and refreshing water, which will have thus found its way to our doors from the fountain source, after having first watered

many a flower and plant, and rolled its "gentle blue wave" through the delightful country which borders the Schuylkill. There is something romantic in the idea, and it will meet with the general and hearty approbation of our citizens, and greatly contribute to the health, as well as neatness and beauty of our already highly favoured city.

We last week alluded to a new publication, entitled the "Garland," since when, we have had an opportunity of seeing and examining the work itself, and take pleasure in adding our mite to the general approbation which has been bestowed on the undertaking. In the engraving and typographical department, it is not surpassed by any other publication in the country, with the exception of a few slight inaccuracies, which we hope to see avoided in the subsequent numbers, for the work will hold a very respectable standing in the literature of the country, and should be made to bear the minutest inspection. We were mistaken in supposing it designed exclusively as a repository of American poetry. The selections are general, and intended to preserve the rich effusions which frequently adorn the periodicals of the day, and might otherwise be lost in the "common ocean of oblivion." The plan is new, but will meet with encouragement, particularly in addition to the approbation of such men as Dr. Witt Clinton, which in itself is a high recommendation, he is certain, we think, of possessing that of the ladies, whom we have good reason to know are the best patrons, at least in this country, of polite and elegant literature. In a well written explanatory preface, their favour is thus solicited:

"From our fair countrywomen, we would not conceal the fact, that our hopes of favour are not a little enhanced by the belief of that enviable share of approbation and patronage, with which they, as the arbiters of taste, and umpires of refinement, would vouchsafe to smile upon our undertaking. The mellow cadences of poetry affect, with peculiar sweetness, the congenial susceptibility of the female breast, and multiply their fascinations on the ear of man, when falling from the lips of beauty and intelligence—the encouragement we therefore anticipate from their generous aid, will form a prominent feature in the reward wherewith we trust our exertions may be ultimately crowned."

The tattered remnants of a new periodical has just reached us, "from beyond the mountains." It has been sadly handled on its way; but from what is left of it, we are just able to ascertain that it is called the "Ariel," and was published at Natchez, Miss., on the 20th of last month. It has the appearance of having been, in its first state, a very respectable miscellany of foreign and domestic literature, and affords a flattering evidence of the rapid advance of science in the immense regions of the west.

Within a few days past, a trial of some interest has been terminated at Huntingdon, in this state, against several individuals, (two of whom are convicted, and sentenced to five years imprisonment,) accused of passing counterfeit money. Bills to a considerable amount were found upon them, principally two's on the Merchants' Bank at Newport, (R. I.) and others on the Bank of America, at New York, and the Commercial Bank of this city. We learn from an intelligent friend, who attended the trial on behalf of the above banks, and on whose testimony principally the convictions were made, that the trial occupied several days, the weather excessively warm, during which time a variety of interesting circumstances were brought to light, sufficiently strong to prove the existence of an extensive and regularly organized band of these lawless and troublesome depredators on society. It appears their headquarters are established in Canada, from whence immense numbers continually issue, and swarm over the country, spreading their baneful practices among the unsuspecting and inexperienced, who, as it unfortunately happens, are generally the least able to bear the losses arising from this wretched system of fraud and villainy. Can nothing be done to ferret out and exterminate these pests of society? We should suppose some energetic and severe measures might be taken to effect this object, and until something is done more decisive than has as yet been accomplished, the industrious and honest citizen will continue to be exposed to the impositions of this set of swindling land pirates.

The most prominent objects of interest, at this time, is the Georgia claims, and the trial of Commodore Porter—the first of which will not be disposed of until the meeting of congress, when we hope the question will undergo a proper and impartial examination, and the "right made the better way," without fear or favour. As to the latter, the arguments have been closed, and the case submitted to the President, whose final decision on the subject is impatiently looked for, and may be expected, we presume, in the course of the ensuing week.

Within a day or two past, the thermometer ranged at 95—to day it has fallen to 70, as sudden and remarkable a change as we ever recollect to have experienced at this season of the year. During the first of the week, it was so uncomfortably warm, as to require the windows, doors, and every possible aperture to the air, to be thrown open, and if a puff of fresh air found its way through the scorching sun-beams, it was welcomed as a delicious visitant, but now a moderate fire is not uncomfortable—the doors and windows are again closed, and an additional garment is not only agreeable, but absolutely necessary, or those who would guard against colds and agues.

A letter from Liverpool of the 5th July, says, "It is impossible to give you an idea of the consternation among cotton holders here. There is no demand for it, and the spinners will not purchase more than a supply from day to day, and I dare not quote prices or say much about the prospect at this time."

Another letter of the 6th says, "cotton is deplorably dull; only 367 bags sold in three days past, so that prices are quite nominal."

From a gentleman who has recently returned from the western part of this state, we are informed, that the statements we have already made of the state of the harvest were not exaggerated. The crops of wheat, &c. are represented as having been remarkably heavy, and to have been harvested in fine order. This will in some measure compensate for the corn crops, which have been, in most cases, entirely ruined by the severe and long droughts. We have now an abundance of rain; but it has come too late, we fear, to be of any essential service.

Agreeably to a resolution of the Select and Common Councils of this city, the watering committee have inquired into the best means of disposing of the surplus water power at Fair Mount dam. That committee, assisted by engineers and the city surveyor, have examined the ground in the vicinity of the city, to ascertain the practicability and probable cost of cutting a canal from the Schuylkill to the Delaware, to complete the chain of inland navigation from the Susquehanna to this city. One of the proposed routes is through the bed of Pegg's Run, and the estimated expense is as follows:

20,000 cubic yds. of excavation, at 16 cents,	\$32,000
Rock excavation near Fair Mount, say 15,000 cu. yds. at \$1000,	15,000
35 bridges, at \$1000,	35,000
48 feet of lockage,	48,000
Sewers, masonry in Pegg's Run, &c. say 32,000	
Contingencies, 5 per cent.,	8,510
Total,	\$180,510

The water calculated to supply the canal by this route is 1,120,000 cubic feet daily.

By the southern route, it is proposed to "carry the level of the Fair Mount dam along the Schuylkill, to a point between Spruce and Pine streets, and thence by a deep cutting through the dividing ridge, carry on that level to near the Delaware, and there locate a lock, which at low water would have twelve feet lift."

The estimated expense of this route is as follows:

514,136 cubic yds. of excavation, at 16 cents,	\$822,816
Rock excavation near Fair Mount, say 15,000 cu. yds. at \$1000,	15,000
40 bridges, at \$1000,	40,000
12 feet of lockage,	12,000
Guards at Fair Mount,	8,000
Culverts, &c.,	5,000
Contingencies, 5 per cent.,	8,798
Total,	\$914,738

"If only one lock is made at the Delaware, the quantity of water to supply lockage, leakage, absorption, and evaporation, is estimated at 835,200 cubic feet for every twenty-four hours, assuming that 144 boats pass in that time; and should the one lock be divided into two, the quantity of supply would be reduced to about 500,000 cubic feet for every twenty-four hours."

As it is presumed that there will still be a large surplus of water, after supplying the canal, it is proposed to rent the water power for manufactories, &c. which, it is thought, will produce a handsome revenue to the city.

"Men do not feel for men."—The Democratic Press says, the following facts have been communicated on such authority as leaves no room to doubt their accuracy: A Negro slave in Maryland was about to be sold for 300 dollars in the spring to a Georgian planter, when a white man interfered and purchased the Negro, who on the payment of the purchase money, \$300 with interest, was to be manumitted. Late in July last, the Maryland purchaser came to Philadelphia, and induced the Negro to go with him to that state for the purpose of making as the said, some official declaration which it was necessary to have done in open Court. The Negro had repaid \$140 of the purchase money. He and the white man left the city together, and the Negro has never been permitted to return. Of him and his destination, we have ascertained the following particulars. The day after he left Philadelphia, at the first stage at which they stopped in Maryland, he was seized and put in irons, \$400 was paid for him, he was sent to Alabama, and he was rapidly taken out of the state. This is a known case of inhumanity!!!

On Monday morning, FRANCIS MITCHELL, aged 20 years, and JAMES CULLERS, aged 27, left this city with four others, in a sail boat with intention to go to the Laxette to purchase fruit. The boat of Francis has been found floating in the river near Pine street wharf, where the boat was upset this morning about three o'clock. The above young men who were in the boat were last seen in reaching the shore, and one of them was saved by means of a gun. Cullers has a brother and two sisters, and his father is a Quaker and lives in the city. The families and friends of the unfortunate young men are exceedingly anxious to recover their bodies. They will be very grateful and so far as in their means, will liberally reward any person who will give any information, on this subject, to John Mahler, North East corner of Little Dock and Second streets.

From the Norfolk Herald, August 15.

Arrival of a French Fleet in Hampton Roads.

The French squadron under Admiral Jurien and Gravel, which were at Port-au-Prince during the negotiation of the treaty between the French and Haytian Governments, and subsequently touched at Havana, arrived in Hampton Roads on Friday last, in 13 days from the latter place—the squadron consisted of two ships of the line, two of 60 guns, four of 44, a corvette and two brigs, in all eleven sail, and is the largest man of war fleet that has been within our waters for nearly thirty years, except that under Admiral Cochrane, during the last war.—We had the pleasure of a full view of them from Willoughby's Point, as they stretched across the bay from the Cape to Old Point Comfort, under easy sail, with a fresh easterly breeze, in a line, with intervals of about two miles between them, and a more grand and imposing exhibition, or one better calculated to inspire admiration, cannot well be conceived. On coming to anchor, the senior Admiral's ship, the Eclair, fired a salute, which was answered by a corresponding number of guns from Fortress Monroe.

We understand the squadron will remain in our waters until the hurricane season in the West Indies is over.

The novelty of the exhibition of so large a naval force, had its full effect on the curiosity of our citizens, and a large party went down in the steam boat Virginia on Saturday morning to enjoy it. After running down the line of the squadron, the Virginia bore up again to the headmost ship, the Eclair, and on being abreast of her lay to for a few minutes to afford the passengers an opportunity of a laudatory view of that superb ship, when immediately the boats of the Eclair were sent off with a

polite invitation from Admiral Jurien to the ladies and gentlemen who wished to visit his ship. The invitation was joyfully accepted, and in a little time the whole party were conveyed on board the Eclair, where they were received and entertained with that distinguished politeness, attention, and hospitality so characteristic of the French nation.—After being shown through every part of the ship, the party were conducted to the Admiral's quarters, where refreshments were served round, and the company were made perfectly "at home," by the polite and assiduous attention of the officers, and took their leave with feelings of the warmest regard for their entertainers. The Eclair, it will be recollected was one of the squadron of three ships, under Admiral Jurien, which visited us this last year last, and remained in Hampton Roads until late in October.

HURRICANE IN THE WEST INDIES.

We learn by the French ship L'Eclair, from St. Pierre, Mart, that a gale commenced there on the 26th ult. at 7 P. M. and lasted till half past nine morning. The wind was from S. W. to S. and blew with the greatest violence about 9 in the evening from the South. No French vessels were lost, three American vessels were driven ashore and went to pieces. The plantations in that neighbourhood were not much injured.

Information from Guadeloupe, stated that great injury was done at Basseterre, which was nearly demolished, all the government buildings were blown down, nearly eight hundred persons perished, and the plantations much injured.

At Point Petre, several American vessels and French coasters were driven ashore, and suffered more or less damage.

At St. Vincent, (Dominica) all the vessels were lost. At Barbadoes and St. Lucia, the shipping sustained considerable injury.

A Singular Affair.—We are informed by the Philadelphia Chronicle, that on Thursday evening of last week, a Mrs. Clorinda Pollett, a young married woman, late of Putnam county, but now of N. York, being on her way to visit her friends, was assaulted, robbed, and slain, by two females, one of whom is named Eleanor Lane, and her sister, Mrs. F. arrived in a sloop from the city that morning, and for some cause unknown, the assassins kept up a continual search for Mrs. Pollett, until about 8 o'clock in the evening, when she was attacked by these linking friends, and stripped of considerable of her wearing apparel, and heat in a most shameful manner—after which, several unsuccessful attempts were made by them to drag her across the street, for the purpose of throwing her into a mill stream, which is nearly a perpendicular descent of from fifteen to twenty feet from where the street runs, and had it not been for the timely interference of some persons, she must inevitably have perished by the hands of these furious females. They were arrested and committed for trial.

MARRIED.

On Friday, the 5th inst. in Camden, N. J., by the Rev. Rev. Mr. ROBERT McHUGH, of the Episcopal Church, to Miss NAH K. FIELD, daughter of Benjamin Field, of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Bishop Conner, Mr. SANTIAGO SANCHEZ, of St. Juan de Cuba, to Miss ISABEL ARAMBURU, of Valencia, in Caracas.

On Thursday, the 10th inst. at Milton, Del. by the Rev. Rev. Mr. JOHN WHITE, of Lewistown, to Mrs. ANN P. SMITH, of the former place.

DIED.

On Monday, the 15th inst. in this city, ROBERT E. BANCROFT, formerly of Cape May, N. J., in the 22nd year of his age.

On Monday, a disconsolate widow and numerous friends, to lament his untimely loss.

On Sunday morning the 14th inst. after a short illness of 24 hours, Dr. PETER PERES, of the Revolutionary Army, aged 79 years and 11 months.

On the morning of the 17th inst. Mrs. JANE ANTER, of the evening of the 16th inst. at Germantown, GEORGE B. LAWRENCE, aged 30 years.

At New York, after a short illness, Mr. MARY A. J. CANFIELD, aged 23 years, wife of H. Canfield.

On the 9th inst. Mrs. MARY ROWE, in the 83d year of her age.

On Monday, at Lancaster, Pa. ROBERT COLEMAN, Esq. aged 77, a gentleman extensively and advantageously known.

On Thursday morning last, at Middletown, Delaware County, after a lingering illness, Mr. GEORGE DELEKER, formerly of this city, in the 33rd year of his age.

On Monday, at the residence of the late Mr. GEORGE B. LAWRENCE, of the River, GEORGE B. LAWRENCE, Esq. aged 30 years, wife of H. Canfield.

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and in their opinion on the result, and when they had reached the result, there was a sudden and sudden in her voice which changed her.

"Have you ever brought strawberries to the city?" I inquired.

"Never before," she answered, "my aunt with whom I live was very poor, she wished for a cordial, and without the means of obtaining these things, I could not bear to see her suffer, but I obtained her leave to make the attempt of relieving her wants in this manner—and you will oblige me by letting me return to my aunt's as soon as possible."

"I returned her the basket, and put a five dollar bill in her hand—she looked at me with surprise."

"I cannot take it," said the lovely girl, "what would my aunt say? I must not forfeit her good opinion," and she placed the money on the counter.

"You will keep the money," I replied, "tell your aunt it is a present from a friend, and assure her she shall be provided for."

"She hesitated, but took the money with an expression of gratitude on her countenance, that made her appear more lovely than ever."

"When she retired I watched her steps like a hawk, and as I recalled from my view, with an emotion entirely new, but which will never be forgotten, I had learned her place of residence, and a few days after, under pretence of a morning's ride, I took Miss Emerson, a young lady who was an intimate friend of mine, into the carriage, and visited the spot where the person who had so much interested me lived."

"It was a delightful retreat—embosomed in trees, and so numerous were the flowers and blossoms around the humble cottage, that the very air breathed of perfume, and the birds, uttered by our approach, fluttered among the branches which almost obstructed the path."

"The whole harbour of Boston with its islands, its castles, its polished waters, and white sails fluttering from the many vessels gliding on its bosom, was in full view and presented a most magnificent and delightful prospect. We alighted, and were met at the door, and welcomed by the young lady, with cheerfulness and ease which denoted better days."

"Miss Emerson was not less charmed with her than myself, but we regretted to find that her aunt was declining rapidly, and to all appearance the last rays of the taper of life were already glimmering in the socket. We soon returned, Miss Emerson having left as usual, and I remained alone, and her amiable disposition. My father, to whom Miss Emerson related the occurrences of the morning, was so interested, that he, as soon as was practicable, made them a visit himself, but he arrived only to witness the funeral obsequies of the kind aunt. While the procession, in which my father joined, was moving from the church to the place of burial, he learned from the officiating clergyman, who was an acquaintance of his, many particulars respecting the young lady who had so deeply enlisted the feelings and sympathies of all."

"Her father, who was a respectable minister, lived in the western part of the state, where he was settled over a small but affluent congregation. He had been there about three years, and his only child, Maria, was about two years old, when both he and his amiable wife were seized with a fatal disease, and the same grave received their remains on the fifth day after the first attack. The orphan Maria was as soon as possible sent to reside with her only aunt, a maiden lady, in affluent circumstances, by whom, as soon as her age permitted, she was placed in one of the best boarding schools in the city, where she remained until about two years before the death of her aunt. At this time the failure of a merchant's house in whose hands had been the whole of her property had been placed, reduced it to the depths of poverty. The kindness of her friends, and the needle of Maria prevented their suffering, but her aunt was unable to sustain the feelings such a change in her circumstances produced, and she gradually sank to the grave, leaving Maria an unprotected and friendless orphan."

"What will become of her now, God only knows," said the clergyman, as he finished his short narration.

"She shall never want," replied my father, as they arrived at the gates of the little city of the dead, where the fresh mound of earth showed the "appointed habitation."

"If the girl is what she appears, she shall find at my home a home and a parent."

"God will bless you," rejoined the minister, "for befriending the amiable orphan."

"The procession stopped, the coffin was deposited in the sacred earth, and a prayer by the clergyman finished the impressive solemnity. Maria hung over the grave in speechless grief, as she saw the earth heaped upon the remains of the only relative who had been spared to her in the wide world, and when the last green turf was placed on the little mound, she fainted, and was carried senseless to a neighbouring house. When she had sufficiently recovered, the personal of my father was made known to her by her venerable and esteemed friend the minister, and accepted with a gratitude more eloquent than words. She left a spot where her morning of life had been spent in youthful happiness and innocence, and in a short time found herself at my father's door. What was my surprise, my rapture, at beholding him leave the carriage with the lovely creature, whom, of all others, I most wished to see, hanging upon his arm, and clinging to him as to her only friend and protector. She entered the room, and was introduced to my mother as the Miss Rosewell, in whose favour Miss Emerson had so warmly interested herself."

"Edmund," said my father, as I entered the apartment, "this young lady you are to consider as your sister; you will be to her a brother." I took her hand, pressed it to my lips, and while her blushing countenance and eloquent eyes plainly informed me that she remembered our former interviews, I assured my father I should always feel a pleasure in complying with his wishes. Thus did our acquaintance commence. The amiable Maria became the delight of her numerous friends, the joy of my parents, and the admiration of the brilliant circles in which she moved, her self a splendid star. The impression that was made at our first interview was never obliterated, and the little strawberry girl became the adored mistress of this mansion. Never have I reflected on these singular occurrences without a feeling of gratitude to my Maker, who in this manner bestowed on me a treasure which has made my life one of continued sunshine, and unalloyed happiness."

"Come, for the night is comfortable and dull."

"We have with him sweet the downy pillow To watch the coming, bright and full."

"And see the beams play on the western foliage."

"Chill, wet, with night-drops—the tender spears That from the earth with asking waives peep, Secure flourish now—but steep in rainy tears."

"High for the cheering warmth, and dropping sleep."

"Come, for the day is comfortable and long."

"No golden beams blush on the western sky, Nor play on more than white clouds away."

"The sprinkling tints of every glittering dye, Coldest without the cheering glowing beams, Chill nature asks the restorative breath."

"Phenomena ask the restorative beams And save—oh! save, our harvest hopes from death."

"Thus a fond man, with disappointed sighs, Forever thus runs on his earth career."

"The treacherous ruin of his faith round him lies, A prey to disappointment, death, and loss."

"Thus sighs fond man, and still deceives himself, Till his disappointed faith that he is holy pines, Till by intruding grief, or faded joys, he sinks to quiet rest, and every grief resigns."

"Soon man shall leave his earthly dream of bliss, The grass shall o'er his silent dwelling wave; But he shall find a home more kind than this, A hope divine, that cheers beyond the grave."

"A more of glory will the gloom dispel A light to cheer the weary pilgrim home; Then, then, to pains—to sighs and tears, farewell, Relying angels bid the spirit come."

X. Y. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The respectability and influence belonging to such a medium as you afford us, of becoming acquainted with passing events and the public mind, makes it necessary, in justice to readers, that when making your selections, you should be unbiased by party spirit, and give impartial publicity to whatever may tend to general good; and the duty you owe to your own characters (as editors) and to that of your correspondents (as citizens) require, that you have firmness enough to reject any thing like personal reflection, or illustrated as it is, whether openly expressed, or in the form of insinuation.

If you are free to insert the following extracts from the life of Wm. Penn by Thomas Clarkson, you will present to your readers, the true sentiments of many of your subscribers, in the excellent views of that truly great man, and enlightened christian; at a time when disputes ran high, in the same spirit which now possesses dissenters. He gave them, as appears by the context of the writing they are taken from, without any regard to party—they embrace all as will be found in the personal.

"Let us not flatter ourselves; we can never be the better for our religion, if our neighbor be the worse for it. Our fault is, we are apt to be nightly hot upon speculative errors, and break all bounds in our reasonings; but we let practical ones pass without remark, if not without repentance: as if a mistake about an obscure proposition of faith, were a greater evil than the breach of an undoubted precept. Such a religion the devils themselves are not without: for they have both faith and knowledge, but their faith doth not work by love, nor their knowledge by obedience. And if this be their judgment, can it be our blessing? Let us not then think religion a trifling thing, nor that Christ came only to make us good disputants, but that he came also to make us good lives: sincerity goes further than capacity. It is charity that deservesly excels in the christian religion; and happy would it be, if where unity ends, charity did begin; instead of envy and railing, that almost ever follows. It appears to me to be the way that God has found out and appointed to moderate our differences, and make them at least harmless to society. Our disagreement lies in our apprehensions or belief of things, and if the common enemy of mankind had not the great remedy of our offences and passions, that disagreement would not prove such a cancer as it is, to love and peace in civil societies. He that suffers his difference with his neighbor about the other world, to carry him beyond the line of moderation in this, is the worse for his opinion, even though it be true. It is too little considered by christians, that men may hold the truth in unrighteousness; that they may be orthodox, and not know what spirit they are of—so were the apostles of our Lord, they believed in him, yet let a false zeal do violence to their judgment, and their own reasonable heart contradict the great end of their Saviour's coming. Love, let men or parties, think to shift it off themselves. It is not this principle or that form, to which so great a defection is owing, but a degeneration of mind from God. Christianity is not at heart, self prevails and breaks out, more or less, through all forms plainly, so that the people say to God, Thy will be done, they do their own; which shows them to be true Heathens under a mask of christianity, that believe without works, and repent without forsaking; busy for forms and the temporal benefits of them, while true religion, which is a visit the fatherless and the widow, and to keep ourselves unspotted from the world, goes farthest, and like Lazarus is departed. Yet this was the definition the Holy Ghost gave of religion before Synods and Councils had the modelling of it. In those days, howels were a good part of religion, and that to the fatherless and widow at large—we can hardly now extend them to those of our own way."

Since all of all parties profess to believe in God, Christ, the spirit and scripture, that the soul is immortal, that there are eternal rewards and punishments, and that the virtuous will receive the one, and the wicked suffer the other, I say, since this is the common faith of christendom, let us all resolve in the strength of God, to live up to what we agree in, before we fall out so miserably about the rest in which we differ. I am persuaded the change and comfort, which that pious course would bring us to, would go very far to dispose our natures to compound easily for all the rest, and we might venture to see happy days. God requires moderation and humility from us, for he is at hand, who will not spare to judge our impatience one with another. The eternal God rebuke (I beseech him) the pride of man, and humble all un-der the sense of the evil of this, and yet (for courtesy as we are) give us peace for his holy name's sake."

The following lines were written sometime since, during an unusually long continuance of sick rainy weather—the subject was one of striking contrast in comparison with the present state of the atmosphere.

"Come thou absent long delaying sun— And come thou cheerful—soul restoring ray— And dash thy hoary over the wulfen day."

"Come—for the night is comfortable and dull."

"We have with him sweet the downy pillow To watch the coming, bright and full."

"And see the beams play on the western foliage."

"Chill, wet, with night-drops—the tender spears That from the earth with asking waives peep, Secure flourish now—but steep in rainy tears."

"High for the cheering warmth, and dropping sleep."

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Many Editors—Having been occasionally awakened in this city by the sounds of a "fine and full toned guitar," accompanied by a voice whose sweet and mellow notes can never fail to harmonize the soul to the regions of ethereal bliss, I have extracted the following description of a serenade for your entertaining and useful paper. It associates so closely to the sounds of the "miserable," whose sweet notes still dwell in my ear, that I am led to believe it is even he, who has wandered "far away," at a moonlight's fairy hour."

"The fish line of a harp was heard: Many notes of melody yet unexpressed, Drove hither to the music well—Borne."

Serenaders, Music, &c.—A few evenings ago, at about 12 o'clock, I was sitting by my window, pleased with the comparative coolness of the atmosphere, and the picture of calmness and tranquillity which the city presented. It was one of those fine nights in which the stars are numerous and brilliant, and illumine with their soft radiance the pure ether of the welkin, in which not a sound is heard but the cry of the katydid, or the breath of zephyr stirring among the foliage, and in which the spirit is invited to soar above this grovelling sphere where it is confined, and to contemplate the regions of future beatitude."

I was ruminating upon ideas associated with the heavens above me, or to speak more directly to the point, was meditating among the stars, when one of these midnight serenaders, whose sentimental wanderings of the dark, placed himself on a pair of steps on the opposite side of the street. Why he ceased himself in that particular spot I know not, for neither beauty nor bright eyes were there to smile on him, and I believe that he had no living auditor save myself and a brother bachelor next door. Be that as it may, he began to thrum on the strings of an instrument which I soon discovered to be a guitar of the finest tone, and directly tuned it in, in the perfection of science and in company with his voice, to one of our most beautiful airs.

His instrument was fine and full toned, and his voice deep, sonorous, yet impressively soft, and both together, they melted and harmonized with the midnight air, might have been taken for the song and symbol of some angel who had lusted from Paradise. With the caprice of a practised musician, he changed from the gay and spirited madrigal to the tender and melancholy breathings of sentiment and sorrow; and again, springing as it were the sadness of the strain, he reverted to his first wild dithyramb. He spent half an hour in this desultory, yet bewitching music, and at length, clearing his voice, he played and sang the sweet song of "Home."

It was admirably done, it was the touching pathos of the saddest poetry and music, which was heard in all its force, the "romance of the heart"—and I confess, that as I listened to the full stream which tumbled through the air, I could not prevent the surcharge of feeling it produced from bursting at the eye. After he had finished, he began a light Italian air, but breaking it suddenly, he piped a gay ditty, which was not at all in unison with my feelings, and trudged on his way."

BOLIVAR.

In some respects Bolivar's ultimate success has been remarkable. He was several times unfortunate in his early career as a soldier, and more than once his enemies in his own country, as well as those from abroad, triumphed over him. But it is a mark of the greatness of his mind, that he did not let the confidence which all success has weakened. His ambition has never been too strong for his ability, and a sincere desire for his country's good. For a considerable period he was supreme dictator, with all the army at his command, but when a calm was in some degree restored, a congress convened, and a favorable prospect seemed to open of establishing a solid basis of government, he voluntarily yielded up all his power, and insisted on returning to the rank of a private citizen. This was accordingly done, till he was re-elected to the new congress to be commander in chief of the army under the constitution and the laws. Twice he has, by mere accident, escaped assassination. In the first instance, the dagger, which was intended for him, was plunged into the heart of his secretary, who happened to be sleeping in the hammock usually occupied by himself.

Energy is the predominant trait of his character. His movements are always prompt, decisive, and rapid, and at the same time directed with so much discretion, that, with a force frequently inferior in numbers and discipline to that of the enemy, he has been able to win through a successful warfare with Morillo, Monteverde, and others of the most experienced Spanish generals. His generosity has been much praised; he gave his slaves their freedom, and is said to contribute a principal portion of the income of his estate, in affording relief to the widows and children of soldiers who have lost their lives in battle. As a companion, he is social and pleasant, temperate in his habits, abstemious in his diet, and drinks no spirituous liquors. His constitution has suffered by the severe trials, both of body and mind, which he has gone through. His speeches and addresses, which have been published, evince sound and practical views, and adaptation of purpose, rather than depth of thought or great intellectual resources."

His celebrated speech, at the opening of the congress at Angostura, we suppose to be his most remarkable effort in this way, and that speech shows that he had studied profoundly the history and principles of various forms of government, and had most seriously at heart the object of establishing that form, which should be best suited to secure the prosperity and happiness of his country."

BOYER.

To this eminent man, the political as well as military chieftain of Hayti, the public attention has been much directed of late. Great efforts were made by British capitalists, as well as adventures, to induce him to allow the gold and silver mines of this island to be worked, but he was impervious to entreaty, and the highest offers of fortune and of empire. The strongholds and castles which he has established in the interior, were raised at an immense expense of time and labor. To these works, indeed, all the resources of the island were at one time devoted. The mind of France was fixed upon this colony, and Boyer, in his soul-stirring addresses, reconciled the people to the greatest personal efforts as well as pecuniary. "H," said he, "you see the wild beast of the forest in a secure position, you will hesitate to attack him." There was no possibility of misapprehension—this simple, this genuine eloquence went at once to the heart, and accomplished every thing. With respect to the mines, we think he has wisely postponed all consideration of them to matters more immediately connected with the regular formation of society, and the arrangement of its power. Boyer, as yet, has to look pretty much after all matters himself. The consul's letter will, in due time, come into play; but at present, the ruler of Hayti has no leisure. It is severe toil, real work, and undoubted dignity. About Boyer, there is no false coloring. If looked upon as a sovereign, the frippery of the European monarch, sinks before the energy of his character. He is always up and doing. The amelioration of the people, the constant object of his solicitude. What a fine model for the far complicated, brown-pated, prodigal old rogues of the transatlantic world."

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A gentleman reading in one of the provinces of France, was under the necessity of hastily quitting his paternal estate during the Revolution. Just prior to leaving it, however, he prudently concealed his money and other valuables to a very considerable amount, in a place known only to himself. He then left the country, and resided in England, for many years, during which he was much straitened in his circumstances. On the fall of Bonaparte in 1815, he returned to France, and by dint of entreaties and solicitations among his few

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